

Unexpected Threesome - Part 1 of 4

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Husband discovers wife bent over being fucked by their dinner guest (and it turns him on)

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Warning this series is fundamentally a bisexual (MMF) threesome story. If bisexuality makes you feel uncomfortable, you should probably stop reading now. Also, I have illustrated versions of these stories in PDF format for anyone who would like a visual to go along with the words. I hope you enjoy.

M _____ The Unexpected (Part 1 of 4) I stood in the doorway trying to wrap my mind around what I was seeing. There was my wife of 25 years bent over the counter, moaning like a whore, as a man we barely knew pumped into her from behind. Their bathing suits lay in a heap at their feet. The man's back was to me, slightly bent. Hands gripping my wife's hips. His dark tan lines highlighted the whiteness of his ass as his buttock's muscles tightened and flexed with each forward thrust. His balls swung obscenely back and forth as he slid his cock in and out of her. They were oblivious to my presence. In the mirror above the counter I could see my wife's face twisted in concentration. Her eyes closed, her breast swinging in rhythm to the steady stream of breathless grunts and moans that escaped her slightly parted lips. With one hand she held herself up. The other was pressed against the glass as she rocked back and forth against the beat of his hips. I suddenly became conscious of my own throbbing cock. I didn't remember sliding it out of my trunks, but there it was jutting out towards their undulating bodies, dripping with desire. My knees grew weak. I needed time to think. How had this happen so quickly? Barely 20 minutes before we were sitting by the pool drinking margaritas and now I was on the brink of cumming as another man fucked my wife right in front of me. I made a conscious effort to release my cock, but I couldn't take my eyes off of them and, within moments, I was once again stroking myself and teetering on the brink. Leaning over her, the man reached forward and began mauling her breasts, squeezing and pulling and pinching her nipples. Her moans rose to a fevered pitch. "Oh, God, I'm coming again. Fuck me! Oh, please fuck me! Fuck me!" She fell forward, her breast pressed against the counter, as her hands reached back to grasp his thrusting hips. Her fingers dug deep into his flesh and she released a guttural howl like I had never heard from her before. I couldn't believe this was my wife, my conservative, sometimes prudish wife, begging this man to fuck her... rutting like an animal in heat. In sheer astonishment, I stopped stroking myself and just watched as the man's frantic pace suddenly shifted

to long deep strokes. My wife's voice became one indistinguishable string of grunts and groans and "Oh God's" as she convulsed through one orgasm after another, until, finally, the man could take no more. Dropping his hands to her hips, his movements became a blur as he shoved his cock into her over and over again. The memory of his ass tightening as he let out an explosive breath and came in her would be forever seared into my mind. It was as if he had held his breath the whole time they were making love and suddenly, explosively, released a pent up flood of emotion and expression. He didn't just cum; he CAME with all he had. His pace slowed and he seem to deflate, slowly slumping down until his chest was pressed against her bare back. I might have cum at that moment, but right then he looked up and saw me in the mirror. He stiffened, his eyes wide, his expression somewhere between fear and confusion. Suddenly, for the first time, I looked at my reflection and saw myself as he did, trunks pulled down, cock in hand. I felt a flush of humiliation and, without a word, turned and left.